

The Elusive Dreamer

Zahurul Alam



ধ্রুপদী পাবলিকেশন্স

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The Elusive Dreamer

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Author's Preface

Zahurul Alam

Words, for me, are both shelter and a path of transcendence. In the vast silences of life, in the confrontation with countless unanswered questions, I have listened only to an inner music: sometimes of sorrow, sometimes of hope, and sometimes of quiet resistance.

My writing did not begin with a decision - it emerged from an inward excavation of experience. I have seen love and loss, the betrayal of history, the power of people, and the quiet epic of a solitary existence. I have always believed: what cannot be said is often the truest, and it is that silent truth which poetry seeks to reveal.

These poems are not isolated verses, they are reflections of particular moments, shadows cast by a living journey. I did not seek to establish theories; I simply tried to give voice to the timeless duality of light and shadow within the human heart.

If any reader finds a part of themselves within these poems, if a line touches something unspoken in them, then I will know that this poetic journey has been worthwhile.



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The Elusive Dreamer

*You stand before me, yet I've never truly seen you,
Not once have I felt your soul pass through
The deepest chambers of my yearning heart.
I searched for you, trembling in silence,
But never dared to loosen
The knots life bound me with.*

*You kept me near -
Yet never opened your heart,
So close I stood,
Yet you hid within the shadows of my reach.*

*In the hush of night,
When all the world sleeps and dreams awaken,
You came -
Wearing a hundred faces I could not name.
In every birth, in every life,
I offered you the full flame of devotion.
And you, with hands like wind,
Took my gifts - and vanished with the dawn.*

*Each morning you slipped away,
Dissolving in sunlight, like mist in the hills.
And I - left with only a whisper,
A fading trace of your passing.*

*In the stories I tell, or the silences I carry,
You remain:
Mute, but burning in secret affection.
You speak nothing -
Yet in the sigh of leaves, in the ache of night,
I hear what you never said.*

*So near, yet ever out of grasp,
You are the ache in my every song,
The pause in my breath,
The dream I forever chase
Through lifetimes of dusk and dawn -
You, my elusive dream,
Always leaving just before I arrive.*

Date: 10.05.2025

The Rain You Gave to My Desert

*A drop of love - just a little,
You placed it gently in my barren heart.
I had never dared to dream,
But through your eyes, I learned to start.*

*In a lifeless desert, where only thorns remain,
Where summer burns with endless pain,
Where monsoons come but bring no rain -
There, you arrived like a whispered storm,
In the furnace of my long, dry days,
You gifted me one warm season.*

*Oh, how I bathed in your silent rain,
Peace blooming in both dawn and dusk,
That fleeting paradise, brief yet profound -
You were my calm, my sacred hush.
Amidst the sorrow, I wore like skin,
You came to me as the longing within.*

*My life, an endless loop of Chaitra's thirst,
Boishakhi winds that cracked the earth,
No spring, no shade, no gentle tune,
Only dust in my soul, and a sun at noon.
But in that storm of ash and flame,
Your rain came down, and called my name.*

*And though it passed like dreams depart,
That season still lives in my heart.
One touch of rain in my burning years,
One moment that softened all my fears.
For all of time, I'll carry the grace
Of your monsoon, your love, your face.*

Date: 04.05.2025

On the Edge of Suffering

*How many springs have come and gone,
Yet once more, in monsoon's mournful song,
You return - dripping with memories worn,
Where love once lived, now bruised and torn.*

*I know - perhaps in spring's soft grace,
You'll find me again in a night's embrace,
Soaked not in joy, but cold disdain,
Through every season, sun or rain -
That same old spring still bears the weight,
Of parting's tears and love too late.*

*You've walked through cities, lights aglow,
Where strangers come and strangers go.
In the fleeting hunger of night's dark flame,
You gave yourself - yet none knew your name.
You flew as a bird unbound, alone,
But did you know you'd lose your home?*

*You never paused to truly see,
What sorrow clings to memory -
What weight the heart must bleed and bear,
What silence screams in midnight air.
How cruel it is to sit and speak
To one's own soul, so small, so weak,*

*Now as monsoon weeps outside my door,
I watch my heart unravel once more.
Shall I again weave the bridal thread,
And return to dreams already dead?
Do you feel, upon suffering's shore,
How many mirages still rise - and soar?*

*Let this be the cry you never heard,
In every raindrop, wordless, blurred.
I still wait - in storm, in ache, in pain -
For love that never came again.*

Date: 12.08.2025

Does He Still Love Me?

*White-winged bird, you drift through endless skies,
Crossing oceans where the horizon lies -
How far you soar, how wide you roam,
Have you passed by the place he calls home?*

*Beyond seven seas, on a distant shore,
My love once stood -does he stand there no more?
Have your wings brushed past his lonely gaze?
Have you felt the ache of those forgotten days?*

*Did he whisper to the wind, soft and low -
"Have you seen her where the wildflowers grow?"
Did his voice tremble with longing and grace,
As he searched the woods for her vanished face?
Does he ask, though silence fills the air -
"Does she still love me? Is she still there?"*

*In the land that listens to the sea's long sigh,
Does he call my name beneath the sky?
Does his heart still shatter in the night,
Grasping for shadows lost from sight?
Does he remember the touch we knew,
Or has time blurred what once was true?*

*Come, O bird, rest upon my sill -
See my eyes, how sorrow makes them still.
This soul burns in a storm of pain,
Waiting for him, again and again.
When will fate's cruel web release
The one whose presence gave me peace?*

*White-winged wanderer, fly if you must -
But tell him my heart turns to dust.
Tell him - before I fade, unseen -
That death now wraps me in silent green.*

*Let him know...
He is still everything in between.*

Date: 17.03.2025

The Slave of Injustice

*When conscience kneels to the throne of wrong,
All past glory becomes a mocking song.
In place of light, we purchase night,
Bartering truth for blinded sight.
Forgetting the birth of the soul's true flame,
We sink into filth, shackled by shame.*

*The beauty we built with blood and care,
Now trampled under a vacant stare.
From hollow hearts, destruction grows,
While on dead soil, no kindness flows.
Rootless we climb distorted dreams,
Drowning in greed's poisoned streams -
Where ignorance blinds the waking mind,
And no escape from the dark we find.*

*When all of progress is cast aside,
And wisdom is lost in pride's blind tide -
How shall we name what's just, what's vile,
When truth has vanished beneath the guile?
The serpent of rot coils round the soul,
Snuffing the light, devouring the whole.*

*We deny the stories that shaped our name,
Mock our forebears, dismiss their flame.
Tear down the garden once tenderly grown,
And build in its place a world of stone.
We call it "New," we sing it loud -
Yet march like ghosts beneath a shroud.*

*In this fall, no wrong feels wrong,
We stumble deeper, dragged along.
Madness whispers in every ear,
And still we call the void sincere.
Knowledge cast like ash to the wind,
As we hail a future already thinned.*

*Destroying ourselves, with empty cries:
"This is the world where greatness dies."
No roots to hold, no stars to guide -
Just empty roads and hollow pride.*

*Let us not praise this fall from grace,
Let us not smile in this ruined place.
For when injustice holds the pen,
The story ends...
Again and again.*

Date: 14.03.2025



The Lamp of Pain Burns On

*Does the midnight lamp ever feel its own ache -
How each hour bleeds, how many hearts break?
Loneliness drips like wax from its flame,
While sorrow hums a song with no name.
Unheard by the world, unblessed by prayer,
A silent fire flares in the soul's deep lair.*

*One flame dies out in the arms of night,
Yet another rises with stubborn light.
Through trembling shadows, it flickers and glows,
Bearing a pain no silence knows.
Within the heart of one cast aside,
A spark clings on - though all else has died.*

*In a nest where no voices call or stay,
Day and night slip, grey on grey.
Anguish stacks in corners unseen,
Behind the rhythm of life's machine.
Tasks performed, smiles worn thin -
But grief keeps burning quietly within.*

*No witness, no word, no outstretched hand,
Just one soul trying to understand
Why this flame, though bruised, lives on -
While joy long faded, hope long gone.
Still, in that hidden, haunted place,
Pain lights the dark with fragile grace.*

*And so it burns -
Not for glory, not for song,
But because it must,
Because pain is strong.*

Date: 13.03.2025

Not Just in Falgun

*When the skies wept in endless monsoon cries,
You stood beside me — no questions, no goodbyes.
Each raindrop fell to your name's refrain,
And you carried all my songs, again and again.*

*We wandered through seasons, hand in hand—
Summer's blaze, winter's hush, autumn's golden strand.
Every tear, every smile we shared,
In every breath, I knew you cared.
With you, the road stretched endlessly wide,
On this mortal path, you walked by my side.*

*In winter's bite, you were my flame,
In summer's fire, you whispered my name.
When autumn's vines wrapped the trees in gold,
You held me close, soft, yet bold.
In kash-filled fields swaying white and wide,
You made time stop, you colored the tide.*

*But it was Falgun that broke me most,
As your shadow faded, a silent ghost.
How many Falguns I wove for you—
With flowers, dreams, and morning dew.
Yet your eyes strayed to distant skies,
And I stood alone, where memory lies.*

*You never heard my Falgun song,
It faded in winds that carried you along.
No garland bloomed, no rhythm remained,
Only silence, where love had waned.
Falgun came dressed in longing's hue,
But took away the heart that once felt true.*

*Now only monsoon remembers my name,
As I stand in the rain, calling in vain.
Falgun, once fragrant, now feels cold—
A story of love that was never told.*

Date: 19.03.2025

The Fall of Your Achievement

*Through endless days and fleeting years,
How many hours blurred in light and tears?
Love stood near—eternal, true—
Yet you reached for dreams that never knew
The warmth that silently reached for you.*

*Did you walk the path the soul once traced?
Or trade the truth for hollow haste?
What stayed with you—what slipped away?
And now the heart, in shadows gray,
Weeps for what it could not say.*

*You cradled your gain close to your chest,
Believing in silence, you'd found the best.
With care you built it, stone by stone,
Never letting the pain be known.
But when that gain turned into grief,
Could you still hold it, like a thief?*

*In the fire of sacrifice, you shone bright,
You gave your all, your soul, your light.
For others, you walked through flame and storm—
Alone, yet steadfast in every form.
But did they see what you had lost?
Did they count your love, or weigh its cost?*

*And still, with strength, you rose again,
Through silent wounds and quiet pain.
But oh—how swift they let you fall,
One blow erased your giving, all.
No crown remained, no name to call.*

*This was the harvest you received—
Of dreams once built and once believed.
A monument now drowned in mist...
The fall of your achievement—
Forever missed.*

Date: 09.03.25

In the Desired Embrace

*And then, the sacred rite was done—
You, the offering, faded like the sun.
In waters deep, your song would swell,
Yet silently, from my depths you fell—
Surrendered whole, yet none could tell.*

*I was the river, in spring's soft grace,
Flowing slow in a lover's embrace,
With gentle rhythm, I shaped your trace.*

*How many storms you carried like pride,
Yet never fell, nor wept, nor cried.
My banks you passed with distant eyes,
My heart—a shore you never prized.*

*Still, to find you, I became the stream,
A river of longing, chasing a dream.
In every curve, my essence poured,
Each ripple a prayer my soul outpoured.*

*And then you came—in monsoon's rain,
Drenched in desire, washed in pain.
You wandered through the flood I bore,
Till you became my forevermore.
In that final plunge, deep and wide,
You found my soul—and there you'd hide.*

*I stood adorned, in bridal light,
Did you not see my heart burn bright?
The lamp of longing, flickered and bold,
In the hush of night, its story told.
You wrapped me close, no space between—
In love's fierce fire, serene, unseen.*

*Now I am whole, in your embrace,
With your breath, I've found my place.
In every pulse, your name remains—
The river, the dream, the heart unchained.*

Date: 07.03.25

When You Become History

*Now beneath the shadowed tree, I tread alone,
No songs remain, no love to call my own.
The dreams that once with starlight shone
Have vanished with dusk's mournful tone.*

*At the edge of the garden, in silence vast,
The road of time stretches—your echo cast.
Where autumn leaves fall like silent prayers,
Each one grieving all that wasn't shared.
Let this be the day your journey departs,
To timeless shores, beyond our hearts.*

*You left behind the greening earth,
The seeds you sowed, the silent worth,
The melodies you sang to skies,
Now scattered where the past love lies.
The vines, the blooms, the dew's first light,
The unopened buds, the dreams held tight—
The stone that bore your unshed pain,
Now whispers your name in the softest rain.*

*You are no more among the leaves,
Just memory clinging as autumn grieves.
You walk no longer this forest track,
Only silence answers when I look back,
In the fading gold of the evening sky,
You became a story time passing by.*

*Your body rests, unburdened of its weight,
But does your soul still search through fate?
Does it blaze across the sky unknown?
A silent flame where stars have shone?
Or lost in the pathless, shadowed air,
Do your cries still rise—everywhere?*

Date: 04.03.25

Endless Affection

*All the blossoms may fall, every petal decay,
Yet only his face doesn't fade away.
The vines grow barren, the trees bend low,
The zephyr forgets how to flow,
Birdsongs vanish, silenced mid-flight,
As storm-clouds steal the soul of night.*

*He was once mine—
His heartbeat echoed within mine,
An affection timeless, utterly divine.*

*His love filled my sky like the morning light,
In his warmth, the coldest pain felt right.
My longing for him knew no rest,
His memory throbbed within my chest.
Each passing hour, each lonely breeze,
Carried the scent of him with ease.*

*Even a day without his face—
Unleashed sorrow in silent grace.
His tune would echo in my veins,
A song of longing, wrapped in chains.*

*That love, no verse could ever contain,
Still whispers soft like evening rain.
In lost spring's hush, I hear his name,
In monsoon's storm, it sounds the same.
Like grains of hope on a vanished shore,
His voice still soars—forevermore.*

Date: 26.02.2025

The People's Might

*Blow by blow, your false crown falls,
Crushed beneath the thundered calls.
The fortress built of greed and lies—
Now crumbles where silence dies.
That pride you wore like iron chain
Melts in the fire of the people's pain.*

*You fed on fear, ruled with disdain,
But justice flows in every vein.
Denied their voice, the people rise—
A blaze beneath the darkened skies.
Their fury, fierce as heaven's flame,
Burns down the walls that bear your name.*

*Like cannons burst their anger roared,
In every heart, resistance soared.
No tyrant's throne, no iron gate
Can stand before such burning fate.
From every wound, a battle cry,
From every fall, they rise and fly.*

*Chains once forged in shadow's night
Now shatter in the morning light.
For every tear the helpless shed,
A thousand fearless feet now tread.
They march, unbroken, fierce and wide—
The Earth itself is on their side!*

*No sword can silence truth's loud song,
No rule of fear can hold for long.
Together, bold, they claim the land—
By love, by loss, by justice planned.
And in the blaze of freedom's light—
The world shall bow to the people's might.*

Date: 25.03.2025

The Fire-Breathing March

*Once, the cry for freedom burned the sky,
Flames leapt from mouths too long denied.
The streets trembled, the air ran wild—
Each soul a soldier, each mother's child.
Campus flared, Racecourse bled,
Thirty-Two stood tall as tyrants fled.
Yet now, in March's solemn air,
Chains return—silent, but everywhere.*

*In seventy-one, the swords had sung,
Their chorus fierce, their blades all young.
A storm of hearts, a tide of flame,
No power could tame that sacred name.
With every cry, the night would shake—
A nation born for freedom's sake!*

*Then came the twenty-fifth, blood-soaked, accursed—
The sky was torn, the earth reversed.
The scream of fire, the tears of ash—
Each home a battleground's flash.
O March! You rose like an eagle's wing—
In your fury, hope found spring!*

*No hero's blood was ever spilled in vain,
Though traitors danced in shadow's reign.
They stitched their chains with silent thread,
But we carry fire where they spread.
In every chest, a blaze still grows,
Through every wound, the red wind blows.*

*We tear their webs with calloused hand,
Our breath still smells of battle's sand.
The fire you lit still feeds our soul,
We are the ashes that made us whole.
O March! Arise in every flame—
In every heart, reclaim your name!*

Date: 27.03.2025

Farewell

*All the words once held inside—
Have now been spilled with the turning tide.
Tonight, the sky leans low to weep,
And sorrow sings the stars to sleep.
Fireflies float in mournful grace,
Each one a tear with a glowing face.*

*Beneath the hush of silver skies,
Where midnight hushes all goodbyes,
The moon forgets how bright to be,
Its pale light dims in sympathy.
The stars, once bold, refuse to shine—
Grief has stilled even the divine.*

*The hour draws close, the silence deep,
Where love must leave what it can't keep.
The bridal bed, the woven dreams—
Fade like dew in morning's beams.*

*I shall become a breath once blown,
A season lost, a wind unknown,
A shadow painted on your skin,
A sorrowful song that plays within.
A name you'll whisper half-awake,
A warmth that fades before you break.*

*The love we held—so fierce, so wide,
Will drift to where lost echoes hide.
And in that hollow where wishes stay,
This one shall ache but not betray:
That under trees we once made bloom—
You and I shall not meet again.*

Date: 29.03.2025

Faded Painted Dreams

*You stood before that silent gate,
Arms outstretched, defying fate,
Your eyes met mine—so full, so bare,
A storm of silence trembling there.
In their flicker, dim yet bright,
You laid a garland spun of light—
Hope wrapped in a dying night.*

*But tell me—how could you turn away,
From love we carved in night and day?
From promises that bloomed so wide,
Now scattered leaves in time's cruel tide?
Was it so easy to forget,
Each vow once sworn without regret?*

*With wonder in a haunted stare,
You sought my face in empty air—
The love we etched in breath and skin,
Does it not stir somewhere within?
Or has the clock, in cold disguise,
Erased our stars from midnight skies?*

*My eyes now flood with tears unceasing,
A monsoon's grief, never releasing.
Why abandon what we bled to build,
A dream once warm, now stilled and chilled?
Was love just wind, not strong enough,
To stand when seas grew wild and rough?*

*Were all your words a fragile play—
Whispers just to fade away?
Were those painted dreams you drew,
Just colors never meant for truth?
Our home of light, of breath and flame—
Was it only a fleeting name?*

*You let our moments turn to ash,
While golden echoes turned and crashed.
How could you crush what bloomed so pure,
Leave it breaking, unsure?*

*Yet—just once more, in grief's deep sigh,
Wrap me close, though dreams may die.
Say again what once rang true—
That the world means naught without me and you.
That even if the stars fall low,
Our love will burn, will still bestow
A light no time can bend or sever—
Bound by truth, now and forever.*

Date: 01.04.2025



By the Edge of Dusk

*How softly slips the hour away,
So sly, so silent at close of day,
The sun, now weary, bends its flame,
And twilight whispers your silent name.
Its golden hands stretch far and wide—
Then vanish gently on evening's tide.*

*The labors end, the songs are sung,
The air still hums where joy once clung,
But how do we weigh what love became,
What losses bled beneath hope's flame?
Was it worth the dream we chased,
Or merely shadows time erased?*

*Now dusk draws near in silken shroud,
A hush descends without a sound.
The birds return with hearts so true,
To nests once kissed by morning dew.
Each finds its home in branches deep,
While I—alone—have none to keep.*

*Oh, soul of mine, why do you roam
Beyond the dusk, with no way home?
You linger where no lantern glows,
Where silent grief like river flows.
You stare into the void so wide,
Where memory and mist abide,
At the edge where form and silence meet,
Still hoping love and loss may greet.*

*A final gleam, then all turns gray,
And dreams dissolve in twilight's sway...
But in that hush, where no words rise,
A prayer still floats beneath the skies:
For peace to fall like velvet rain,
On hearts that broke—but dared remain.*

Date: 03.04.25

Go Find Your Destiny

*Now you stand where all roads cease—
At the edge of silence, not of peace.
Before you, mountains rise and freeze,
Cold stone whispers through the breeze.
The path ahead is stark and wide,
With broken dreams on either side.*

*Behind, the emerald meadow pleads,
Where tender vines sprout gentle seeds—
“Oh weary soul, why chase the storm?
Come back where love is safe and warm!
This is the hour to rest, to yield,
To bloom again in love’s own field.”*

*The snowy peaks, like crowned fire,
Call out with ancient, burning desire:
“Why sink where rivers idly flow?
Why let your flame die down so low?
Strike the stone—let courage flare!
Rise like thunder through frozen air!”*

*To stay in arms that hold you tight,
Or chase the stars through endless night?
To melt in love’s forgiving grace,
Or climb alone to a lonelier place?*

*Each choice a world, a breath, a song,
Where silence or glory might belong.
But only you can trace the way—
Through shadowed dusk or golden day.*

*So carve your name across the skies,
Where eagles soar and tempests rise.
Let no regret chain down your flight,
Let truth and passion be your light.
Write your story, bold and free,
Beyond the hills, beyond the sea—
Where no more tears need fill your eyes,
Where dreams don’t break, and hope won’t die.*

*This is your moment, rare and true—
So go, and find the soul of you.*

Date: 05.04.2025

My Home is Palestine

*To me, life is fire—unceasing flame,
Gunshots echo where children once came.
Sleep has fled from our tear-stained nights,
And skies weep blood in the absence of light.*

*Since the moment I drew first breath,
I've lived in the shadow of grief and death.
No cradle of peace, no lullaby song,
Just shattered walls where I belong.
No golden dawn, just dust and cries—
Yet still, beneath these burning skies,
My heart repeats, though torn and worn:
"I was in Palestine born."*

*My mornings wake to thunder's scream,
No toys, no books, no gentle dream.
Instead of bread, we taste the smoke,
With every blast, a promise broke.
No mother's warmth, no father's voice,
Just ruin left where once was choice.*

*I walk barefoot on splintered stone,
Calling rubble and silence my own.
The stars above do not descend—
They watch in silence and never bend.
But still I rise from ash and flame,
Carrying pride in my broken name.*

*This is my cradle—this scorched, sacred land,
Where hope still blooms in a child's small hand.
Though tanks may crush and rockets rain,
My roots run deep through blood and pain.
And so I whisper through smoke and sin,
With every breath held deep within:
**"My soul, my scars, my blood, my line—
All belong to Palestine.*

Date: 05.05.2025

Melancholy Score

*In my spring, let no cuckoo sing,
Let silence smother the songs they bring.
Let no bee hum, no blossoms sway,
Let blooms unfold, then turn away.*

*Let the flowers bloom in bright array—
But may their colors all fade to gray.
Let the buds awaken, then quickly die,
And never glance where I pass by.*

*Let my days be cloaked in a mournful shroud,
Let no moon rise, no stars break cloud.
Let the evening lamp forget to glow,
Let crickets weep, their voices low.
Let fireflies wander lost in mist,
And dew falls endlessly—unkissed.*

*For what is love but a wound that bleeds,
A thorn that blooms while the spirit pleads?
When joy arrives, pain stands near,
Whispers sorrow in every cheer.
Even in the song of a warm embrace,
Echoes a dirge time can't erase.*

*Spring's fair festival turns to ash,
No bright delight, no vibrant flash.
Its petals fall like broken sighs,
While laughter fades and silence cries.*

*The riddles of love play sad refrains,
Tied with threads of unseen chains.
In joy's rhythm, sorrow hides—
A weeping note that never subsides.
The monsoon clatters its endless roar,
Carrying my heart's melancholy score.*

Date: 11.04.2025

Baisakh Has Come Again

*Baisakh has come again—
To Bengal's breast, in sun and rain.
It stirs the soul of field and tree,
It dances wild, bold, and free.
From riverbeds to storm-torn skies,
In every home its spirit flies.
With Kalbaisakhi's roaring flame,
It comes untamed, it calls your name.
Yes—Baisakh has come again.*

*Spring has whispered its last goodbye,
Fagun's fire and Chaitra's sigh
Now live in memory's fading hue—
A new year dawns, alive, anew.*

*Let hearts be cleansed in thunder's song,
Let shattered dreams be made strong.
Let truth arise, unmasked, serene,
With love and grace, both fierce and clean.
Let beauty blossom where sorrow stood,
Let ash be turned to sacred wood.*

*May evil's thread be torn apart,
By storm and rain and hopeful heart.
Let Kalbaisakhi's lightning blade
Strike down all lies the dark has made.*

*Let joy reclaim the earth once more—
As Baisakh knocks on every door.
Let the soul of Bengal brightly sing—
A song of fire, rebirth, and spring.*

Date: 13.04.2025

In the Midst of Solitude

*In silence, the hours slip like breath,
Unseen, unheard—nearer to death.
Gazing into the endless sky's abyss,
I ache for just one stolen glimpse—
Your face, a mirage in my desert exile,
If only for a fleeting while.*

*One touch—that never came to be,
One farewell—that never found me.
The story of my soul, whispered in vain,
Unheard by you, drowned in disdain.
Your ears closed, your heart a sealed gate,
I call through silence—too little, too late.*

*My heart, a vault of unspoken cries,
Watches the world with hollow eyes.
I walk no path, I bear no name,
A soul unclaimed in life's cruel game.*

*Within a chamber dressed in bare despair,
A thousand silent mantras fill the air.
The midnight lamp burns without grace,
No footsteps echo in this empty space.
In the solitude of a soul run dry,
I wait for none, I breathe, I cry.*

*This world—so indifferent, cold and wide,
I own it now, with nothing to hide.
All comings and goings have faded away,
Like shadows erased at the edge of day.
Uninvited, I roam, a pilgrim unknown,
Bound to this path I walk alone.*

*And now, in the stillness I must keep,
This life dissolves into wordless sleep.
No turning back, no final goodbye,
No one left to ask me why.*

Date: 15.04.2025

I Love You

*So softly, beneath the trembling monsoon sky,
You said it—I love you—
Just three words, like raindrops falling shy
At twilight's hush, when all turned new.*

*Does it matter if the world still turns?
If clouds gather or the mountains burn?
If rain pours down or rivers rise,
If birds still sing beneath pale skies?*

*In that one breathless, endless minute,
Two hearts lost everything but what was in it—
Only you and I, holding tight,
Suspended between wrong and right.
Time collapsed where our souls were drawn,
Bound together, dusk till dawn.*

*All the poets who ever bled through verse,
Could not capture that universe—
A symphony written on love's own skin,
Sung without words, whispered within.
And now, in silence, here we stay,
Two hearts still searching what to say.*

*Time held its breath, the forest stilled,
The air grew hushed, the sky was filled
With nothing but your voice's trace—
Those three words wrapped in tender grace.*

*The wind forgot to move, to cry,
Even the leaves paused as you walked by.
Let that heartbeat echo soft and true,
A melody that forever sings—I love you.*

Date: 17.04.2025

You Came to the Turbulent Sea

*Why did you descend again,
To the storm I've long called home—
With your calm wings, soft as dusk,
Just to touch me, then be gone?*

*You kissed my waves, then vanished whole,
Leaving scars upon my soul,
Your love, a wound too wide to mend,
A haunting tide without an end.*

*I pulled, I begged, I spiraled deep,
Tried to drown you in the whirl I keep.
But you—free, unchained—took flight once more,
And my sea grew darker than before.
Your song—its sweetness turned to pain—
Still echoes in my waters like acid rain.*

*You never knew how tight I clung,
Through rising tides and mornings young,
You missed the sound of breaking cries,
That echoed deep beneath your skies.
Your heart, a fortress cold and bare,
Could never sense the longing there*

*Did you ever see, just once,
Why my waves break with such violence?
Why this ache, this flood of ache,
Knows no end, no calm to take?*

*No matter how you soar or roam,
You'll never know my ocean's home—
This soul of salt, this depth of grief,
Beyond your wings, beyond belief.*

*If fate was inked in loss and parting,
Can love be born in such a starting?
My waters rage, and still they run,
Chasing a bird who fled the sun.*

*I tried to bind them, held them tight,
But waves are made for endless flight.
Just like you—they break, they stray,
And vanish at the edge of day.*

Date: 19.04.2025

The Pigeon of Joy

*You rose like a pigeon of joy,
Wings wide against the endless sky—
Unbound, you flew through silver mist,
Chasing dreams in the morning's kiss.
Sometimes in clouds, soft and high,
Sometimes beyond where oceans lie,
Forever chasing more than enough,
As if joy alone could be love.*

*From below, sorrowful birds look on,
Wishing for what you fly upon—
If they could graze just one bright feather,
Perhaps they'd find peace, once and forever.
But their skies are gray with grief,
Their nests—torn leaves, no relief.
Each step they take is pain and prayer,
A curse in the wind, a tear in the air.*

*The storm Kalboshekh whispers near,
Even spring trembles, knowing fear.
Melodies drown in sorrow's tide,
And broken nests no longer hide.
Demons wear masks of smiling faces,
Turning hope into shadowed places.
The year bleeds—twelve months in chains,
Sown with silence, reaped in pain.*

*O pigeon of joy, you glide with grace,
Day and night, you cross time's face.
Your heart has never tasted loss—
No shattered song, no bitter cross.
So you remain untouched, at ease,
Floating freely on freedom's breeze.*

*But joy, too, has a shadowed side—
Behind every laugh, a tear may hide.
After the high comes the deep unrest,
Even peace can pierce the chest.
In the calmest blue, the fiercest fly—
Predators that stalk the sky.
And without a cry, without a sound,
They strike you mid-flight, drive you down.*

*Your wings, once bright, now torn in rain,
Your chest—open, a wound of pain.
The pigeon of joy falls from the blue,
A victim of what it never knew.
Not every sky was made for grace,
Not every bird survives its chase.*

Date: 21.04.2025



I've Returned to Our City

*After so many springs, I've come once more—
To the city we loved, to its trembling core.
Once left behind in the hush of rain,
Now it greets me, dressed in lights again.
But beneath the glow, I see through—
The city's heart still aches for you.*

*The newness masks the quiet ache,
But memory stirs in every break,
Each streetlight flickers with your name,
Each breeze repeats our old refrain.
You rise in every passing face,
Still etched in every timeworn place.*

*The alleys echo with what we shared,
Our whispered dreams, how much we cared.
In markets, towers, honking cars,
I chase your ghost beneath the stars.
Where once we walked, our hands in grace,
Now I wander alone in that same space.*

*What stories bloomed where we once stood,
In monsoon rain and mango wood—
You were mine, with all your soul,
My world complete, my aching whole.
Then why did I leave, why turn away?
What curse now holds my nights and days?*

*I returned, but could not find your door—
Your smile, your voice, they live no more.
In fresh cement and polished stone,
Your warmth is lost, I'm more alone.
This city, though dressed in finer skin,
Still hides the ache that lives within.*

*Yet in the air's familiar dust,
In broken walls and iron rust,
In each forgotten corner's grace,
I seek the traces of your face.
I breathe your scent in the evening breeze,
In twilight's hush among the trees.*

*I hear your laughter in echoes faint,
In silent steps that never wait.
And in that hush, my soul does yearn,
For one small sign that you'll return.
How long it's been—I lost the years,
But the city still weeps with my tears.*

Date: 24.04.2025

Silent Years Between the Cracks

*From '47 to '24,
Time drips slow, but memories fade like ghosts—
'52 vanished, swallowed by the dark,
'54's faint victory—forgotten, unheard.*

*The wounds of '71 bleed no more,
Their echoes lost on a silent shore,
Bengal's people, shadows in the rain,
Yearning for triumph that never came.*

*I never met Salam or Barkat,
Their names like whispers in the wind,
Rafiq, Jabbar, Shafique—
Faces erased from my time,
'69's fire never warmed my soul,
Just a silent void, an empty toll.*

*The Liberation War—'71—
A distant dream I can't believe,
The 21st century's hollow tale,
A lie woven deep, a muted wail.*

*Where was the fight for language,
The flame that lit our hearts?
Since '47, the years have slipped away,
Silent tears falling, lost in gray.*

Date: 20.02.2025

Power

*The mountain stands—silent, vast, alone,
Rooted deep in earth and stone.
It speaks no word, but in its grace,
It holds the world in strong embrace.
Not with fury, not with cries—
But with stillness deeper than the skies.*

*Storms may scream, the heavens tear,
Floods may rise and scorch the air.
Fires of wrath, winds of despair—
All strike its chest, but leave no scar there.
It bears the rage of gods and men,
And quietly stands, then stands again.*

*Around its feet, kingdoms rise and fall,
Voices echo, empires call—
Yet it listens not, nor lifts its hand,
Its power flows like shifting sand.
No boast, no glare, no mighty speech,
And yet, there's none it cannot reach.*

*It is the soul of quiet might,
That guards the peace, yet owns the fight.
It holds the line when all else breaks,
With grace that bends, but never shakes.
A thousand storms, a million flames,
But none can strip it of its name.*

*In calmest dusk or fiercest hour,
Still flows its deep, unshaken power.
Not rage, but quiet strength refined—
The weight of centuries aligned.
It does not boast. It simply is—
A monument to strength that lives.*

Date: 26.04.2025

It Wasn't Just in Falgun

*When the wild rains of Shrabon fell unceasing,
You were there—my shelter, my breathing.
Each song the monsoon sky composed,
You gathered in silence, then slowly closed
The doors of your heart, and walked away,
Yet left behind every note, every ray.*

*Through summer's blaze, winter's hush,
Autumn's gold and springtime's rush,
You were the thread in every hour,
A bloom that lit my soul's dark bower.
With you, my seasons found their place—
My world moved only in your grace.*

*In the sharpness of winter, you were my flame,
In summer's drought, you whispered my name.
You were the vine in autumn's field,
Winding around all dreams I'd sealed.
And when the Kashful danced in Sharod's breeze,
You made my home a temple of peace.*

*But Falgun came with an empty sky,
No fragrance, no flame, no lover's sigh.
I waited with garlands woven in vain,
But you were lost beyond love's domain.
A thousand Falguns passed me by,
Each one echoing your last goodbye.*

*You never heard my Falgun song—
It bloomed in silence, faded long.
No anklet rang, no vermilion thread,
Just petals falling where love had fled.
Now Falgun weeps in colors pale,
Shrabon's songs the only trail...*

*In every month, you lived in me—
But Falgun bears your absence endlessly.
Even spring cannot fill this space—
Where once you stood, now stands only grace.
So know this:
It wasn't just Falgun that carried your name—
It was every season, every flame.*

Date: 19.03.2025

On the Shores of Suffering

*So many springs have passed like fading breath,
And once again, you return—
With Shrabon's rain draped over your soul,
Carrying the ache you never could unlearn.
Beneath the Madhavi's grief-soaked shade,
Old memories bloom like wounds remade.*

*Did you know, as your silence met the rain,
That I still echo in Shrabon's refrain?
That in the scent of drenched Madhavi bloom,
I still wait, alone in endless gloom?
The petals remember what hearts conceal—
Partings so deep, time cannot heal.*

*How many roads your feet have found,
In distant towns, where stars abound?
But did you, chasing fire in the night,
Know what it cost to burn so bright?
You flew like a bird toward skyless heights,
Blind to the storm that stole your flights.*

*Have you ever paused at sorrow's brink
To ask what makes a heart truly sink?
Do you know what it means to yearn—
To watch your world twist, break, and burn?
To walk with ghosts down splitting lanes,
Speaking to shadows, soaked in rain?*

*Now, as Shrabon cries against my skin,
I stand at the edge, worn thin.
My life flows like a forgotten stream—
Once golden, now lost in a shattered dream.
Will you return to rewrite the fate
Of a wedding night left desolate?*

*Can you feel—through the thunder's groan—
How mirages bloom when you're alone?
Even now, in pain's final sigh,
Hope opens wings beneath a dark sky.
But you...*

*Do you remember what we lost that day?
Or has love simply... washed away?*

Date: 21.03.2025

Your Achievement in the Abyss

*Through the slow unraveling of a lifetime—
Across the tapestry of days, months, years—
You walked beneath a radiant sun,
Yet how many moments did you endure, unseen,
With love brushing close, like a wind never caught,
Only to chase shadows that led you astray?*

*You gathered wonders with trembling hands,
Then cast them aside for dreams unknown.
What did you seek in the silence beyond?
A face in the mist? A voice in another song?
And now your soul, hollow with echoes,
Cries out in the cavern of what was lost.*

*You strove, you climbed, with wounds still bleeding—
You reached, and held your triumph close,
Nursed it with every heartbeat,
Only to find that joy can rot from within,
That what once gleamed now bruises the chest,
And you ask—how does one survive this?*

*You gave yourself, not for gain, but for light,
Poured your soul into the cups of others,
Without pause, without pride—only love.
You rose not by power, but by sacrifice.
And yet, those you lifted...
Did they ever see the tremble in your giving?*

*You became great—not by throne or crown—
But by choosing others over yourself.
And in return, they turned their faces,
Their footsteps echoing as they walked away,
Leaving you broken at the altar of your own offering.*

*Now, in the still pit of forgetfulness,
Where no name is called and no hands reach out,
You lie—your glory unseen, your worth unclaimed.
This is what remains...
Your greatest achievement, resting in the abyss.*

Date: 09.03.2025

In the Desired Immersion

*The gathering ended, silent as a prayer,
And like an offering, you slipped away—
Your song dissolved into my depths,
Vanishing, surrendering fully to the abyss of me.*

*I stood, the quiet riverbank in spring's embrace,
Gentle waves brushing softly, slow and cautious—
Yearning for you, trembling in every ripple.*

*How many times did you soar,
A cloud adrift in endless blue,
Yet never fall as rain upon my waiting curve?
My heart stretched wide, but you slipped past—
A phantom breeze untouched by longing.*

*To hold you close, I became a mighty river,
Swelling in tides that bend and gather,
Overflowing with the promise of your name,
Pouring out endlessly, desperate to keep you near.*

*And then, at last, the great rains came,
You faded into me, again and again—
A sacred merging, a long-awaited surrender,
A dream fulfilled beneath the veil of night,
Where I cradle you fully, in love's deep flood.*

*My adornments shimmered in your gaze,
The flicker of the lamp danced in quiet moments,
In the burning height of desire's flame—
You bound me gently upon your chest,
Igniting the firestorm of my restless soul.*

Date: 07.03.2025

Sunrise Beyond the Mountain Peak

*At dawn, we wandered through the whispering woods,
Gathering countless blooms to weave our dreams—
Your gentle hands placed garlands on my soul,
Melting like morning mist where two hearts meet.
But as the sun climbed high, the forest path faded,
At the mountain's foot, our journey paused.*

*Gaze upon that distant peak, etched in the endless blue,
Your name carved in silence, high and far—
No soul knows the hidden trail that climbs its face,
Is now the moment to seek the way?*

*Together we braved the rugged climb,
Your hand still steady, holding mine,
Step by trembling step, we rose beyond the abyss,
Torn and battered, yet unbroken,
The storm's roar was our hymn,
Yet we pressed onward through the tempest's grief.*

*As dusk spilled gold upon the ancient stones,
The mountain's beauty bathed in radiant light,
From close, the tangled thorns revealed their cruelty—
No rest awaits in this relentless ascent,
A hundred yojanas more to go,
Still the peak calls, fierce and unyielding.*

*The sun's fire dims; shadows cloak the earth,
But we move onward through the velvet night,
Towards that longed-for dawn beyond the dark,
Clearing every thorn that bars our way,
Hand in hand, heart in heart,
Awaiting the sunrise that waits beyond the mountain's crest.*

Date: 17.02.2025

Debt

*Your steps once proud, a thunder rolling wide,
Claiming every path beneath the endless sky,
Through seasons turning, again and again—
You blaze at dawn, fierce with pride's bright flame.*

*Yet when the morning first kissed the unknown earth,
You came a child, eyes pure and wide,
A fragile spark wrapped in a mother's tender arms,
Smiling softly, innocent in wonder's glow.*

*Through tears of hunger, through moments of joy,
You wandered, small and helpless, pure and free,
A flicker of light in a vast, dark world,
Untouched yet bound by love's unseen chain.*

*Now, with storms beneath your arrogant tread,
Have you remembered the mother's sorrowed gaze?
The father's steadfast strength, long left behind—
Do their faces linger still within your heart?*

*Look once more upon the fallen and forgotten,
See their pain mirrored in your own reflection.
What offerings do you bring to pay the price,
For the debts engraved deep in your soul?*

*Your roar may shake the earth today,
But remember—one dusk will come for you,
When footsteps fall silent in the shadowed dusk,
And none will tremble at the fading thunder
Of a once-mighty heart undone.*

Date: 13.02.25

Between Light and Shadow

*In endless struggle, light defies the dark—
A fierce, relentless pulse across the tides of time,
No truce is ever struck between these ancient foes,
Though countless flames burn bright and fierce,
The shadows twist and waver—
Only to reclaim their silent throne again.*

*A world is born within the shroud of night,
While orbs of light hang fragile in the void,
A single spark ignites beneath the endless dark,
Drifting like a fragile dream—eternity's quiet breath.*

*How much of infinity can light unveil?
But a fleeting fragment parts the dark abyss,
Countless paths of creation lie hidden,
Lost within the blackened stain of cosmic night,
Waiting in silence, unmoved by hope.*

*Amidst the storm, the world is cast in glow,
Forever locked in dance with shadows that withdraw,
Some roads shimmer, guiding fragile steps,
Yet light will falter, fading slow—
The seeker wandering through the dense unknown,
Loses the path where brilliance shone.*

*This eternal dance of dusk and dawn—
The timeless weave of light and shadow's play,
A battle never ending, only paused—
A fragile spark in the heart of chaos,
Fighting for life's fleeting flame,
As creation flows, unbound and infinite.*

Date: 09.02.2025

The Quiet Roar Before the Storm

*A tale of ruin waits to be rewritten,
Charging forth with wild, untamed force—
It will rend the skies, sweep through ancient forests,
And shatter the thrones of all that's cruel and dark,*

*With thunder's roar and storm's relentless strike,
Oppression trembles, injustice fades like smoke,
The demons crushed beneath the weight of justice,
Battle cries rise fierce and fiery,
Flames surge forward—
Stone once still, now driven by rage.*

*Yet now the sky holds its breath in silence,
Birds hush their songs along the shadowed woods,
Branches bear no smiles; buds remain frozen,
The earth waits, still as a held breath,
Deep within the restless seas, a billion waves surge—
The storm approaches, a promise on the horizon.*

*Let destruction's torrent break the dark,
Let the demonic thrones crumble and fall again,
Let light blaze its torch, consume the shadows,
And birth a world where joy blooms eternal—
For truth's victory is carved in the storm,
In the fierce, awakening roar of fate.*

Date: 07.02.2025



How Much Love Remains in Separation

*All the paintings I bled with colors of yearning,
All the songs born from sleepless nights—
Have they vanished like whispers in the wind?
In this endless monsoon of days,
Have you truly forgotten me?
Once so near—now lost beyond reach,
You, who were the rhythm of my heartbeat,
Now drift like mist into the unknown.*

*Time walks its path with a cold, blind stride,
Unmoved by memory or ache.
It scatters seasons like fallen leaves,
Letting flowers bloom on untouched shores,
While my soul, aching and bare,
Still searches the sky for your shadow.*

*Time offers no mercy, no pause,
It piles mountains of memory upon my chest—
Each moment of separation a stone,
Each breath a cry beneath the weight.
On shores where nothing is gained,
Love still lingers like an unwept tear,
And you remain, burning silently in my soul.*

*Not all buds beneath the tree will bloom,
Not every boat finds wind enough to sail.
Clouds roam the sky, but the sky never rains—
Longing floats forever, but never falls.
Is the end of love found in union?
Or in the ache that lives on after?*

*Perhaps love, in its deepest form,
Is not in holding, but in yearning—
In the sigh we cannot release,
In the dreams we chase with trembling hands.
A lifetime spent reaching for just a touch,
Only to find—
It was the reaching that kept us alive.*

Date: 04.02.2025

Thread of Home and Time

*Then, in the hush of twilight's breath,
The soft flame of the lamp would flicker low—
Half-shadow, half-light, like a forgotten lullaby,
As sleep's fairies kissed the lids of weary eyes.*

*The play of day would quietly end,
In every village hut, in every silent room,
Butterflies folded their wings,
Forest birds returned to cradling nests,
And the dusk wrapped the world in a mother's shawl.*

*In the stillness of night, a spirit would stir—
A hawk's chick crying high in the tamarind's arms,
Jackals crying out in the reedy marsh,
All chasing the wild music of darkness,
While stars above blinked down,
Keeping silent watch over earthbound dreams.*

*As the sun folded itself behind the hills,
A boy would return from his games—
Dusty feet, restless eyes,
Met with a mother's soft chiding, a father's silence.
The same old drama of evening,
Ending always in his mother's lap,
Where he found his first peace in the cradle of night.*

*Those days flowed like rivers lost in mist,
One by one, the seasons turned away,
The boy grew—
Leaving behind the garden of childhood,
And on his father's brow, time etched deep furrows,
Silver creeping through the hair
Of the man who once stood tall.*

*Now the little one has flown far—
Across oceans, in search of sky,
Tying his soul to another,
Building a nest of his own,
With dreams and laughter, bricks of promise,
Two hearts now walk where once only his feet wandered.*

*And so time weaves on,
A silent loom spinning centuries.
The world changes—villages, cities, the rhythm of life—
But the thread remains unbroken.
Through each new story, each blooming bud,
The original thread still holds:
The echo of home,
Of a mother's lap,
Of love passed gently down.*

Date: 28.04.2025

Whispers of the Departed

*Sometimes the dead begin to speak—
When daylight fades beneath the boundless sky,
And night's eternal stars awaken slow,
They come—shadows weaving through the forest's breath,
Silent tears falling like forgotten rain—
Then the dead speak,*

*They bore their sorrows, danced in fleeting joy,
Held dreams unfulfilled, like fragile glass,
Wove pride and love into tangled songs,
Half-spoken, half-lost in restless dusk,*

*They drift on endless sighs,
Between the veil of dark and light,
Laughing through despair's cold grasp,
Melting into quiet garden corners,
Where longing's wail still haunts the dawn—
The tears of the departed linger
On blades of dew, trembling in morning's hush.*

*The scales of loss and gain never meet,
So they return in whispered sighs, formless,
Haunted by what slipped away unseen,
Shedding tears in shadows deep—
The cries of the departed dissolve
Into the night's mournful silence, forever fading.*

Date: 11.02.2025

In the Cycle of Mistakes

*In the weary spiral of mistakes, life twists and turns,
Truth exchanged for shadows, as the soul slowly burns.
Wrongness, embraced like an old friend near,
While the quiet voice of truth disappears—
In the hush of a false peace,
The error spreads its roots like a silent disease.*

*So near to the heart, within every breath and being,
Lies beauty eternal, ever-seeing.
We feel it pulsing in the quiet ache,
In every tear, every heart that breaks.
Yet temptation whispers at the soul's edge,
And many drift into the dark, beyond the ledge.*

*When mistake becomes the rhythm of the day,
And sorrow is the debt we endlessly pay,
Time slips through trembling hands,
Like sand through glass in forgotten lands.
A single misstep births a thousand more,
Till we wander lost on a poisoned shore.*

*Mistakes bloom in the soil of blindness,
Fed by ignorance, cloaked in kindness.
What we thought was light is only flame,
And slowly, we forget our own name.
Falsehood becomes the altar we raise,
While truth lies buried in a silent blaze.*

*In the final hush, beneath the golden sky,
When all that's left is the question why,
Truth flickers faint in memory's breeze—
And beauty is a ghost among dead trees.
Darkness takes the soul it seeks,
And life ends not in triumph—but in critique.*

*A history written not in glory,
But in the ashes of a broken story.
And in that last breath, quiet and late,
We whisper to the stars our own mistake.*

Date: 30.04.2025

Victory Is Yours to Claim

*Fling open the windows of your soul,
Let every gate of your heart unfold.
Lift your eyes, burnished with hope—
Look again, and again at the world's wide scope.
Everywhere, light spills through unseen doors,
And the horizon whispers: Go, there's more!*

*Choose your path beneath the endless sky,
Where dreams take root and fears must die.
With a heart washed pure by courage and grace,
Walk forward—step by steadfast pace.
Let your voice rise in the hymn of truth,
Let each breath carry the fire of youth.*

*Not every path will bloom with ease—
Some are thickets, tangled in unease.
Serpents of doubt may coil in the dark,
But your inner flame becomes the spark,
Let no shadow stain your creed,
You are the light—move, plant the seed.*

*Even if the heavens break apart,
Even if storms claw at your heart,
Even if the world collapses around—
Still, your purpose makes no sound,
But marches on, a sacred drum,
That says: You were never meant to succumb.*

*Let mountains rise, let thunder fall,
Let fire rage, let sirens call—
With unwavering soul and fearless flame,
Walk through the storm—unchained, untamed.
For in your chest, a truth ignites:
Victory is not a gift—
It is your right.*

Date: 02.05.2025

In the Vast Embrace of a Father

*Father says: "Go, my child—walk the wide earth,
Find your sky, your dreams, your worth."
But the child, with tears in trembling eyes,
Clings to his chest where true comfort lies.
For outside that fortress, quiet and grand,
Lies a world too wide for a child to withstand.*

*Soft little fingers curl around his hand,
As Father leads through sea and land—
Through whispering woods and golden light,
Through the hush of dawn and fall of night.
In every leaf and star above,
He shows the child the world through love.*

*At the mountain's foot, on the river's shore,
Where waves crash down and eagles soar,
The child walks close, yet dares not part,
Still bound to the echo of his father's heart.
Though the sky calls out with its endless blue,
He finds his courage only in view of you.*

*So pass the seasons—gentle, then wild,
And slowly, the boy becomes less of a child.
He learns to fall, to rise, to stand,
To read the wind and sow the land.
Yet still, in dreams or the hush of rain,
He runs to that voice that soothes all pain.*

*He builds his home with hands grown wise,
Hunts the storm and knows the skies,
Crosses oceans no longer in fear,
But returns each time, with offerings dear—
And finds that anchor, silent and wide:
A father's eyes, forever his guide.*

*For even as years steal the strength of youth,
He stands like an oak in the forest of truth.
And when the final sunset falls across his face,
He leaves behind more than time can erase—
Love, carved deep in a soul set free,
A father's gift: eternity.*

Date: 15.06.2025

Eternal Truth- Eternal Light

*When every child of this aching earth
Wakes to a day of joy and worth,
With fearless steps and eyes that gleam,
Living life like a boundless dream—
Then shall the world, washed clean of pain,
Shine in beauty, whole again.*

*Each child descends from heaven's light,
A drop of dawn, pure and bright.
With laughter ringing, soft and free,
They grace the world with divinity.*

*Let every little heart grow tall
With truth that flows through one and all—
Let kindness bloom in every hand,
So peace may rise and take its stand.
For where the soul walks free from lies,
There truth, eternal, never dies.*

*When no child weeps from hate or war,
When fear does not knock at their door—
When every name is called with grace,
And no one hides their shining face—
Then dawn will break with golden song,
And love will guide the weak and strong.*

*Let not the fire of cruelty reign,
Let no soul bear the weight of shame.
Let mercy be the morning star
That leads the lost from where they are.*

*O dreamers of tomorrow's day,
Build a world where hearts can stay—
Where beauty walks without disguise,
And hope is born in every rise—
Where truth and love, hand in hand,
Carry light across the land.*

Date: 12.06.2025

In the Quiet of Forever

*Now the tale is told—its pages turned,
Of fleeting days where meaning burned.
Beyond the veil of breath and bone,
I drift where time is overthrown.
Weightless in a sky without a name,
Where stars forget from whence they came.*

*In the hushed forever of youth's soft light,
Your touch once trembled in deepest night.
No calendars pass here—no clocks that chime,
Only the echo of love beyond time.
You linger still, I know you do,
In the shadowed breath of someone new.*

*Upon the edge of this cosmic tide,
I was a whisper, yet held worlds inside.
In every heartbeat that ever was,
I sang of you—without a pause.
And still I do, though form is gone,
Your name is carved in dusk and dawn.*

*Now I move in secret streams of light,
Between what's vanished and infinite night—
A shimmer lost in the folds of space,
A ghost who weeps with a radiant face.
The heavens blink, and I appear—
And vanish again, like a fallen tear.*

*Where is the love we swore would remain?
The vow we sealed in joy and pain?
It floats, perhaps, in sacred air,
Where the soul lies bare, and none despair.
I search for myself in every spark,
In galaxies lit or caverns dark,*

*All that we held, all that we yearned,
All that we shattered, all we learned—
Dwells now beyond death's tender gate,
In the stillness where lovers wait.
And you—you are not lost to me,
But live in the quiet of eternity.
Date: 14.06.2025*

Journey Through Light and Shadow

*Life journeys on, through joy and ache,
A tale we trace with each breath we take.
Yet why, at the close of all we've done,
Do only the sorrows weigh like stone?
The lamps once lit in golden cheer
Now flicker faint—then disappear.*

*But night, however dark or wide,
Still yields to dawn on the other side.
From eastern ridges, light will climb,
Spilling warmth across cold time.
And when the sun's arms hold the sky,
We forget the tears we used to cry.*

*Still—each garland you lovingly wove
Held thorns beneath the rose it showed.
Behind soft petals, silence screamed,
And poison bloomed in what once gleamed.
Yet from bitter root, sweetness may grow—
From shadows, the brightest rivers flow.*

*When you reach the mountain's crown,
And winds of pride come rushing down,
Look back once more—remember the land
That bled to lift you where you stand.
For heights are fragile, and pride may slip—
The fall is steep when the ground forgets its grip.*

*So gather joy from grief's remains,
Let no love be lost in vain.
Walk where light and sorrow meet,
And plant your soul where both hearts beat.*

Date: 10.06.2025

The Sea Weeps

*I sit alone on the grieving shore,
Where the restless waves rise evermore—
A skyless gaze, an unseen face,
Crashing with sorrow, void of grace.
From far-off realms of time unknown,
It sings a pain that's all its own.*

*It speaks in tides, in sighing foam,
Of shattered dreams and hearts alone.
But none can read the salt-stained scroll
That spills from the ocean's trembling soul.
Its cry is crushed upon the land,
Then dies in silence on the sand.*

*None pause to hear its aching wail,
No one asks what lies beneath the veil.
But those who've burned in love's bright flame
Know the sea's grief—feel its same.
They lean their hearts into the blue,
And whisper their sorrows into the hue.*

*For whom has it sung through countless springs,
In waves that weep and wind that stings?
A ballad born from depths so deep—
A love the world refused to keep.
Yet stone-like hearts pass by, unblessed,
Unmoved by the ache in the sea's breast.*

*Each name I trace upon the shore
Is washed away, returns no more.
The sea receives it, soft and wide,
And buries the pain it cannot hide.
It holds within its deep despair
Every wound too deep to bear.*

*And so it weeps, yet weeps unseen—
The sea, the silent, sorrowed queen.
Beneath its waves, a requiem flows
For every heart that ever knows
The kind of loss no tongue can speak—
Only the sea can truly weep.*

Date: 06.06.2025

The Body's Last Sigh

*One day this silent body will sleep,
Still as the dusk, breath buried deep.
The soul will drift beyond all sight,
Into a realm untouched by light—
Past the borders of time and form,
Into the silence beyond the storm.*

*Astonished eyes will open wide,
Witnessing life's last flame subside.
The cords of flesh will gently sever,
The bonds we swore would last forever.
Hands once held will hold no more,
Names once called fall to the floor.*

*Will those who gather feel the ache?
Will their trembling hearts quietly break?
Draped in white and chanting low,
Will tears flow soft for what they know?
Or will they, too, forget the face,
Once radiant with love and grace?*

*Why do we cry at death's last breath,
When it is but a gate—not an end, but a death
Of suffering, hunger, ache, and strife—
A doorway to a higher life?
Mourn, but only for a while,
Then remember me with a tender smile.*

*Soon, this flesh will feed the land,
Dust returning to God's own hand.
Worms will come, as is their right,
To dance in what once held delight.
This grand tree falls, its roots exposed—
Thus every tale is softly closed.*

*Perhaps a weary traveler will pass,
Rest where I sleep, upon the grass.
Not knowing whose breath once filled this chest,
But sensing a strange, eternal rest.
And as the birds return at night,
Their wings brushed gold in fading light—*

*My final sigh will stir the air,
A whisper lost, yet everywhere.
Drifting in the hush between stars and trees—
A ghost of longing on the breeze.
In that breath, both joy and pain shall meet—
And the end, at last, be bittersweet.*

Date: 05.06.2025

Silent Spring

*No more does spring's mad whisper roam
Through the hollow chambers of my soul.
No crimson blaze of Krishnachura bloom
Can stir the fire it once stole.
Spring returns—but I no longer bloom.*

*A sea of thirst drowns this aching heart,
Yet no sweet nectar comes to heal.
A thousand blossoms dare to bloom,
But not the one my soul can feel.
Such barren spring—I cannot bear its art.*

*You, once the breath of falgun's breeze,
Sang melodies the skies would keep.
Now those songs lie broken, lost,
Buried in silence, too deep for sleep.
No notes remain, no verse, no voice—
Only stillness where there was once choice.*

*Chaitra creeps to the forest's rim,
With dying gusts and ashes dim.
The last sigh of the season bends,
As every petal forgets, and ends.
And spring, once tender, now turns cold—
A stranger with no hand to hold.*

Date: 02.06.2025

Bearer of the Monsoon

*Bring me your sorrow—every ache,
Each wound you hide, each silent break,
The tremble of regrets not named,
The griefs you lost, the wrath untamed—
Pour them all upon my chest.
I am the storm that does not fall,
I bear the weight so you may rest.*

*The lamps of joy, forever dim,
Have never freely shone within.
Where shall I find a peaceful shore,
When love has left and dreams implore?
This soul was forged in quiet flame—
No light to guide, no song to claim,
Only fire, and sorrow's name.*

*Some grow beneath forgiving skies,
Their paths unmarked by tears or cries.
In every breath, their dreams arise—
As if the world is theirs to keep,
No shadow stains, no nights too deep.
Their joy flows soft from cup to cup,
While others bleed and still look up.*

*The stars at midnight softly weep—
Are they not wounds the heavens keep?
Have the joyful paused to see
Why constellations cry silently?
While the world sleeps in unaware grace,
The dew falls like tears on the meadow's face.*

*For every spring that blooms and dies,
A monsoon gathers in the skies.
If your sorrow breaks your spine,
Then lay it, love, atop of mine.
I am the bearer of rain and woe,
Let your heart in springtime glow—
Let me carry the storms you know.*

Date: 09.06.2025

Tears Lost in the Sea

*When sorrow swells within my chest,
And no soft shoulder grants me rest,
I wander to the edge of sea,
To hide my tears where none can see.
Its roaring tides, a lullaby—
Drowning the voice of one who cries.
No witness there to pain or plea,
Just waves that mirror grief in me.*

*Tears fall freely, without shame,
Each drop a whisper of my name.
The heart bends low beneath despair,
Yet none can see the burden there.
How can I lift another soul
While broken pieces take their toll?
Still, in silence, I remain—
The bearer of another's pain.*

*Let the world move bold and fast,
I stay behind, held by the past.
My chest, a hearth for others' needs,
My breath, the wind that fans their seeds.
While I grow weary, scorched and torn,
They build their dreams from all I've borne.*

*They drink my strength like morning dew,
And build their joy from all I knew.
My shelter, their salvation's wall,
My hunger feeds them, one and all.
And still I smile, though hollowed deep,
The sea is where I go to weep.*

*May grief not bend me out of grace,
Nor sorrow carve away my face.
Let not the fire of anguish show—
The strong must stand, though torn below.
So I return, when dusk is near,
To cast into the sea my fear—
My tears become its endless tide,
And in its arms, my ache can hide.*

Date: 29.05.2025

He Sang for Me

*Ah, these stubborn eyes—
They won't obey,
Again they search the shadowed way,
Where once his voice—like falling rain—
Poured into me soft, aching pain.
In the hush of dusk, when candles glow,
I lose myself in songs I know.*

*His voice—deep as the earth's own cry—
Wove tunes that touched the waiting sky.
For whom did he pour such longing out?
To whom did those tender notes shout?
Yet one refrain struck deep and wild,
It broke me open, soft and mild.
I cannot say what spell was cast,
But it lives in me, forever fast.*

*The gathering faded,
The music died,
Only silence where hearts once replied.
Did anyone take his memory home,
Or am I the only one left to roam?
The lights went out—
The stage grew bare,
But I still breathe him in the air.*

*If his gaze had not met mine then,
Why did he sing "I love you" again?
Why let his glance in candle's gleam
Ignite in me a forgotten dream?
Why shape the dusk with burning sound,
And leave me trembling, spellbound?*

*In the silence, I name him mine,
Though his hands may never entwine.
Still, the echo within me grows—
He sang for me—this my heart knows.
Among all blossoms his voice set free,
One flower bloomed—just for me.*

*Perhaps one dusk in a softer land,
In a realm not bound by time or sand,
He'll sing once more, where sorrow's done,
And call me home with that old song spun.
Will he hold my name like a sacred fire?
Will I still burn in his lost desire?*

Date: May 27, 2025



Sudden Green Forest

*I lived in a world scorched bare,
Where the air cracked from grief, and hope burned to ash.
Each heartbeat—
A flame, a wound, a silent wail
Rising from the furnace of a soul
That had forgotten how to dream.*

*For lifetimes, I walked
Among stones piled high like abandoned prayers,
Through deserts where nothing bloomed—
No bird to sing,
No wind to soothe,
Only the sun's merciless tongue
Lashing the skin of the earth.*

*But today—
Ah, today!
In the heart of this burning world,
A forest green, sudden and alive.
Have you come?
Is it truly you?
To bloom in my ruins like spring in a grave,
To make my sighs into rivers of song?*

*You brought coolness in your breath,
Tender rain in your eyes.
Now, rivers rush where silence once slept,
And my thirst begins to forget its name.*

*Is this the end of long sorrow—
The fever of longing, the dust of waiting?
You've scattered emerald across my dust.
Your footsteps stirred the sleeping grass.
Even the sun paused in its fury—
To watch you bloom in me.*

*Endless dunes once stretched ahead,
Mirages blurred every hope I held.
I wandered blindly,
Chasing shadows in sleep and light,
No voice to guide me,
No hand in mine.*

*But now—
With your arrival—
My eternal night exhales.
And a forest, sudden and green,
Takes root in my soul.*

Date: 25.05.2025

To Die Where Life Begins

*The silver shoal ascends the storming tide,
Their scales like stars in twilight's glide.
Born in the sea's vast cradle of blue,
They swim to the place their lives once knew—
A mountain spring, so still, so high,
Where breath began... and now, they die.*

*With every leap through current wild,
Each heart recalls its birthplace mild.
Against the flood, they rise, they strive,
For love, for birth, for death—alive.
The sea behind them sings goodbye,
While home ahead awaits their cry.*

*They do not ask the reason why,
They only know they must defy
The roar, the rock, the pull of fate,
To reach that ancient, sacred gate.
In pain and passion, scale and soul,
They gift the world a life made whole.*

*One final breath, one final gleam,
Then silence swallows back the stream.
But from their fall, new life will rise,
A flame reborn beneath cold skies.
And thus they vanish, bright and brave,
In love's long current, past the grave.*

Date: 27.06.2025

Free the Earth

*When darkness smothers sky and stone,
And evil spreads its wings full-blown,
A blackened storm that swallows light,
Devours the stars, consumes the night—
When cries of hope are torn apart,
And dread hangs heavy in the heart,
Then grief becomes the world's last breath,
And every hour reeks of death.*

*O Human—
Rise before the final bell!
Do not kneel where angels fell.
Let not your courage waste away,
Strike the drum and face the day!
Lift your voice, your spirit bright,
Gather flame against the night—
Stand as one, both heart and hand,
And free this weeping, bleeding land.*

*When evil breaks and shadows flee,
The dawn will rise across the sea.
Light will flood forgotten plains,
Wash away the bloodstained rains.
Then joy shall nest where silence slept,
Where mothers mourned and children wept.*

*O Human—
You were born to bless
This earth in love, not bitterness.
To shape a path through storm and flame,
To lift the lowly, stake your claim.
Let not your sword be sharp with hate,
But justice shining in its weight.*

*Where gardens hum with newborn song,
Where peace and laughter both belong—
Where morning light on flowers gleams,
And children wake from warless dreams—
Build that world with hands made clean,
With love vaster than ever seen.*

*Plant hope in soil scorched and bare,
Breathe beauty into poisoned air.
You, the keeper of tomorrow's face—
Let the Earth reflect your grace.
Let evil's shadow melt and flee—
And the Earth at last be free.*

Date: 23.05.2025



Let My Love Be With Me

*At dawn's first blush, beside the glowing way,
We danced with hearts that knew no sway—
A hundred blossoms bowed in fragrant cheer,
I wove a garland bright and clear,
Placed it softly on the brow I adore,
While morning's laughter spilled from skies that soar,
In clouds of silk—white, sapphire, pure.*

*By noon, the earth pulsed with fervent grace,
Through whispering groves, bees kissed each place,
Among the blooms, thorns hid their sting,
Piercing moments where pain would cling.
Yet still, my love stayed close and near,
Bound by threads both strong and sheer—
A tender vow, divinely clear.*

*The sun, relentless, blazed above,
Its fierce embrace both burn and love,
Clouds took flight on wings of air,
Drifting far beyond all care.
Those who once walked my path so free,
Vanished into shadows, leaving me.*

*By afternoon, the thorns grew tall,
And muddy streams began to call—
A chariot stuck in sorrow's mire,
Beneath a sky that sang in fire.*

*But one remained—my soul's true light,
Hand in hand through storm and night,
Through swamp and shadow, storm and pain,
Together weaving love's sweet chain.
In joy, in struggle, thick and thin,
She binds my heart, my closest kin.*

Date: 20.05.2025

Now the Buds Are Black

*Along the world's unending roads,
Life whispered tales of gains and loads.
So many walked beside your flame,
In love's soft name, they gently came.
But all have vanished into air—
Now you sit in silence, bare.*

*No evening lamps to light your way,
Just shadows thickening into grey.
Thunder murmurs in a sullen sky,
While you sit where echoes die.
Once you soared in chariots gold,
Now twilight leaves your spirit cold.*

*The stars still burn behind the shroud,
But hidden deep within the cloud.
At the edge of parting's hour,
You search in vain for light's last flower.
No fireflies to guide your eyes,
Only the hush where longing dies.*

*Those who swore they'd never stray
Have long since turned and slipped away.
At every shore, each touch, each vow—
All have faded, gone somehow.
The buds once crimson, rich with grace,
Now blacken slowly in their place.*

*Melodies that once knew flight
Drown in the arms of coming night.
All that remains are ghosted songs,
And memories of where love belongs.
And you, alone, must bear the cost—
Of beauty found... and now, long lost.*

Date: 18.05.2025

The Pain of Union and Separation

*Along the boundless road of love we tread,
Bathed in the river where passion is fed.
In the shadowed corners of silent souls,
Love unfurls and quietly unfolds.
Moments rise like stars in the sky,
Each kiss a bloom, each glance a sigh.*

*But love, my love, is a fragile flame—
Union and parting, both bear the name.
The sweetness of your touch may sing,
Yet sorrow waits with broken wings.
Even the deepest embrace must fade,
Leaving behind the hush love made.*

*In every bond lie hidden fears,
Expectations wrapped in unspoken tears.
Love dances on waves that break and swell,
With words unspoken we weave our spell.
But dark clouds come to claim the skies,
And even the brightest fire dies.*

*In the tender hush between touch and goodbye,
Laughter wilts into a grieving cry.
No thread, however tightly spun,
Escapes the pull of time undone.
Even in love's final drenched caress,
We feel the ache of its emptiness.*

*Yet—remember, beloved, hold me near,
In that last embrace, draw me clear.
Let your lips steal one more kiss,
Let sorrow drown in aching bliss.
Forget the pain, forget the end—
For in that moment, let love transcend.*

Date: 14.05.2025

Eternal Love Endures

*Is love merely the warmth of touch,
A fever that rises, then fades as such?
A trembling flame in midnight's hush,
That dies with dawn's indifferent blush?
Is it a barter—desire exchanged—
In secret corners, unnamed, estranged?*

*When the hunger wanes, when passion sleeps,
Will you remember the soul that weeps?
When desire grows scarce, and absence aches,
Will your heart break for the love it forsakes?
Was the joy once held so dear
Just a shadow that disappears?*

*Love, if real, does not dissolve—
It doesn't scatter or evolve
To fit a thousand nameless frames
Or burn for flesh without a name.
In sacred space where hearts confide,
Only two may walk inside.*

*For love that breathes in purity,
Knows no crowd, no impurity.
It waits through lifetimes, brave and true,
Though storm and silence, it clings to you.
It is not bought, it is not sold—
It neither ages nor grows cold.*

*And when, through endless yearning's ache,
Two souls each other gently take—
Not in frenzy, not in fire,
But in a stillness beyond desire—
Then blooms the joy no hand can sever,
The kind that lives in hearts forever.*

*So in the garden of your soul,
Let not time or lust take toll.
Let love, not longing, light the flame—
And call it by its truest name.
For only there, through pain and years,
Eternal love endures... and clears.*

Date: 12.05.2025

The Ocean Where I Waited for You

*At the heart of an uncharted sea,
I waited for you—not for days or years,
But through lifetimes, through centuries,
Drifting on a single, broken stone
That bore the weight of my love—
Carried through time by destiny's silent hand.*

*The world spun on in its fevered dance,
Time turned, seasons passed,
Storms shattered the sky and retreated,
Yet I stood—
A lone shadow in the wilderness of waves.*

*Endless the ocean, merciless and vast,
Each storm a knife,
Each wave a cry of separation.
From the poles came thunderous winds,
Raging through the cracks of my soul,
Breaking upon the stone of my endurance.*

*Beneath a sky of silence, cursed by waiting,
I opened my eyes, aching to find you—
But every horizon was water and loss.
The waves, relentless, surged toward me,
And you—drifting farther with each tide,
Moved toward some unreachable shore,
While I remained—still loving, still bound.*

*Did you, too, in your hidden world,
Call my name in solitude?
Were you mine from the first breath of time,
Your heart quietly echoing my own?
In some distant continent of dreams,
Did your soul remain, still waiting for me?*

*Perhaps, at some forgotten crossroads in history,
Our paths intertwined in secret light,
Our love, long exiled, found home again
In a dawn not yet written.
And there—you came,
And all the oceans of waiting
Fell still.*

Date: 08.05.2025

Love in Eternity

*Still—I shall love you through every spring of my soul,
In the whisper of monsoon rains on trembling leaves,
In the golden hush of autumn's breath,
In winter's silence and summer's blaze—
In all the seasons that circle the earth,
I will love you, again and again.*

*Though your form has vanished from my gaze,
And countless light-years have slipped away,
You left me on the edge of eternity,
Where space and time blur into aching stillness—
And there, you became my forever.*

*Now, I find you everywhere:
In the hush of wind between the trees,
In the shimmer of seafoam kissing the shore,
In the hush of twilight, in the dance of fireflies,
In the soul of every living thing—
You pulse in all that breathes and burns.*

*You no longer belong to this world of dust and decay,
Yet you reside in my every breath,
In my home, in my heart, in the ache of nights
Where I search for you in dreams I cannot keep.
I call to you in the silence—
But you are not like me.
You are beyond this frail flesh,
You are the song unending, the flame untouched.*

*And now, when I lift my eyes to the sky,
And sing the songs we once knew,
I feel your love like light through the clouds—
You are not lost.
You are the echo in every prayer,
The fire in every sacred word,
Living on in the depth of me,
In the endless truth of love's eternity.*

Date: 06.05.2025

In Surrender

*How shall I touch the Boundless through the bound?
Each trembling step searches, yet no cause is found.
In this fragile world of dust and breath,
I feel your formless flame—
In whispers of wind, in songs without end,
You echo within my name.*

*The shadow of the Infinite gleams in light,
Where colors bloom and fade from sight.
In fleeting hours, in fate's design,
Your thread remains unseen—
Binding tears and trembling joy,
In moments lost between.*

*Galaxies drift in silence far above,
Spinning in orbits traced by love.
Fragments of a cosmic dream,
Held in time's embrace—
While the heart aches for what hides
Behind thought's veiled face.*

*No breadth nor height the mind can hold
Of your vast silence, silver and gold.
All wisdom falters at the door
Of mystery's endless sea.
Only in surrender, still and pure,
May the soul begin to see—*

*The glimmer of the hand divine,
Brushing softly across our time.
Not by knowing, nor by claim—
But by the heart's quiet plea
Shall I behold the Eternal One,
And kneel in awe, finally free.*

Date: 19.06.2025

The Silence Where Love Sleeps

*Twilight descends with silent grace,
Birds retreat to their hidden place.
The sun retreats behind a veil,
Its final whisper soft and pale.
Evening sighs through hollow air—
Wandering shadows, unaware.*

*Laughter fades where daylight grew,
Games lie scattered, dreams askew.
In the fair of dusk with colors spun,
The truth of love comes undone.
A hundred lights may rise and gleam,
Yet none can pierce this heavy dream—
For love lies still... unlived, unseen.*

*In some forgotten corner, small,
Love builds a nest—fragile, frail,
A flame that flickers all alone,
With warmth for hearts it's never known.*

*Beneath this grief, a joy once burned,
A river lost, a tide unturned.
So I strike the stone with bleeding hands,
And beg for drops where silence stands.
Each blow a prayer, a soft implore,
That love may rise... and flow once more.*

*But in the hush, no echo calls,
No hand to lift me when I fall.
Only this heart, too full to speak—
Too proud to beg, too soft, too weak,
Love, unoffered, pure and deep,
Sleeps where the wounded dare not weep.*

Date: 05.02.2024

Infinity in a Grain

*Is infinity only in the stars that blaze,
In endless skies and cosmic haze?
Or does it hide in a dust-like trace,
In the quiet hush of a forgotten place?
What soars beyond the moonlit dome
May dwell within the atom's home.*

*Within the drop, an ocean sleeps,
Within the grain, the cosmos weeps.
Split it once, then once again—
No end arrives, no final grain.
Each layer folds to deeper skies,
Each silence speaks, each stillness flies.*

*Vastness sings in boundless space,
But whispers too in the smallest place.
A universe blooms in unseen ways,
Beyond our reach, beyond our gaze.*

*As stars drift on in frozen flight,
So does a spark escape the light.
The deeper we look, the more it hides—
Infinity on both sides.*

*From time's first breath to last collapse,
We chase the thread, we fill the gaps.
Where did it all begin to spin?
What lies beyond the outer rim?*

*At the edge of all we know,
In the hush where echoes go,
Time may pause—or never end.
Infinity has no line to bend.*

Date: 25.06.2025

In the Lure of Flowing Joy

*I glimpsed the bird of joy in faraway skies,
Its silver wings serene, untouched by cries.
It fluttered past my lonely view,
Peeking through clouds, then lost in blue—
Never to stay, never to alight,
Just a shimmer fading into night.*

*I never dared to catch its flight,
Nor bound its wings with grasp too tight.
It kissed the edge of my trembling sky,
A blush of gold, a whispered sigh.
I etched its trace upon my chest,
But since, no song, no note, no rest.*

*Tears have poured in unchecked streams,
Drowning gardens, drowning dreams.
My sky wore robes of thunder and rain,
No break of dawn, just endless pain.*

*Through the hush of midnight's aching moan,
In storms where even stars felt alone,
I called that bird with broken breath,
But silence came—cold as death.
It hovered far in realms unknown,
Too high, too free, too much alone.*

*So flows this path my life must take—
A veil of joy for memory's sake,
Yet the full canvas, ever incomplete,
Its heart untouched by joy's heartbeat.*

*In gardens bright with others' grace,
I watched love's dance, each sweet embrace.
And bathed myself in their warm light,
To kindle stars in my own night.
With trembling hands, I lit small flames
To guide me through unspoken names.*

Date: 28.06.2025

Love, Unyielded

*Twilight gathers in its secret shade,
Birds vanish home, their songs unsaid.
The sun slips quietly behind the veil,
And dusk exhales a solemn tale.
Darkness sways in silent streams,
Carrying whispers of forgotten dreams—
Lost, untethered, far astray,
Where do these wandering shadows stray?*

*Day's laughter fades, a distant sigh,
As colors bleed and moments die.
In dusk's embrace, the world turns cold,
Its stories lost, its truths untold.
A hundred lights may fiercely glow,
Yet shadows claim the space they know—
For love remains, a silent fire,
Unspoken, wild, beyond desire.*

*Within a fragile, hidden nest,
Love hums a song, unpossessed.
A steady flame that softly burns,
Endless peace that always returns.*

*Beneath the weight of grief's cold stone,
A secret spring flows all alone—
A quiet hope, a gentle pain,
Carved from sorrow's stubborn grain,
Seeking light in night's domain—
Drops of dawn within the rain.*

Date: 05.02.2024

In the Maze of Illusion

*I walk through mirrors no light can name,
Each step dissolving into flame.
No map, no sun, no echo stays—
Only silence folding into haze.
Time loops back in broken rings,
And I, unmoored, bear unseen things.*

*The road once promised bloom and grace—
Now winds through shadow's cold embrace.
I chase a dawn that never came,
A voice half-lost that called my name.
Where hope was stitched, now edges fray—
The stars retreat, the nights won't pray.*

*I have paid with breath, with bone, with tears,
For every hour, for vanished years.
Yet still I search—through fog, through fire—
For one true note, one pure desire.
The soul remembers what time forgets—
A love untouched by men or debts.*

*Even now, this grief I wear
Is not despair—it is a prayer.
For in the maze, where none return,
The heart still dares to dream and burn.
And though no path may bend or break,
The will to rise is all I take.*

*So let me walk, unclaimed, unknown,
Through realms where even light won't go.
The journey is the only sign—
Not to escape, but to align.
Within the maze, I cease to roam—
I find the self, and call it home.*

Date: 04.07.2025

I Wither, Yet Live - Bound by Love

*If no life stirred within this fragile frame,
Then my soul would rise—untethered, aflame—
Not weeping for you, I'd spread my wings,
Unburdened, whole, beyond mortal things.*

*Yet endless love for you consumes my core—
In every heartbeat, I die once more.
Life's flame flickers, relentless, bright,
Seeking only you in the shrouded night.
Through the solitude of a lifetime's span,
Sometimes, it brushes the edge of your hand.*

*When you came at dusk,
My shattered home ignited with a hundred flames—
That night of lamps, a festival's bright glow,
Joy blazed wildly, yet hunger's shadow
Devoured the light of a thousand nights,
Till fire burned low and fled from sight.*

*The day you failed to cross my threshold,
In darkness, I wandered among flickering souls—
Like fireflies lost beneath the shui-li tree,
I shimmered, then faded, untethered, free.
How can I return to an empty place,
When your absence haunts every space?*

Date: 24.02.2025



Asharh Sings to the Earth

*Asharh rises at the sky's far rim,
Veiling light with shadows dim.
Thunder beats like ancient drums,
As weeping rain in torrents comes.*

*Sunlight hides in cloud-wrapped sleep,
Lightning strikes and crows now weep.
From sea and hill the storm-clouds flow,
Through trembling trees, the wild winds blow.
Leaves, once dull, now shimmer bright,
Bathed in monsoon's sacred light.*

*Barefoot children, bold and wild,
Race the wind, each laughing child—
Splashing through the puddled lanes,
Hearts unchained in Asharh's rains.
Mother calls and father warns,
But joy is louder than their scorns.
Soaked in bliss, their spirits soar,
As monsoon songs wash every shore.*

*And when the hush of night descends,
Rain on tin roofs softly bends—
A lullaby from sky to land,
Played by cloud and heaven's hand.
The thunder softens, dreams arise,
Fairies drift through sleepy eyes.
Wrapped in whispers, gentle and deep,
Asharh cradles the world to sleep.*

Date: 17.06.2025

The First Story Remains

*It was the first bloom of two hearts,
Where every green dream quietly starts.
No storm-clouds then, no sorrow, no pain—
Just a whisper of love in spring's first rain.*

*Two souls trembled, unsure and shy,
Yet dared to love with wildest fantasy.
Through thorny paths and winds unknown,
They carved a world they called their own.
They met in moments, they parted in fears,
Yet that love lived on—silent through years.*

*Perhaps on golden chariots, fate took them far,
Chasing horizons under unfamiliar stars.
New nests were built, new gardens grew,
With smiles that seemed whole, but never true.
For beneath the laughter, beyond all names—
The first story lingers, with quiet flames.*

*They walked new roads, in life's endless roam,
But that first love never found a home.
It hides in glances, in songs unsaid,
In letters unwritten, in tears not shed.
A love that neither time nor fate can sever—
The first story lives... and lives forever.*

Date: 02.03.2025



Destructive

*The soul keeps whispering, again and again:
Turn away,
Do not meet her gaze,
Lest you turn to ash in her fire.
She is ruin wrapped in beauty,
She steals hearts like a thief in the night,
Leaving only echoes -
A cruel, hollow laughter behind.*

*She looks at you,
Adorned in the wild blaze of spring -
A flame that dances with desire.
Every fleeting hour,
She tempts your heart to wander,
But beware -
Your spring will drown
In a river of silent tears.*

*What blooms in fire,
Withers in smoke.
What beckons with fragrance,
May vanish with the wind -
Leaving you scorched
In the garden of longing.*

Date: 23.03.2025



About the Author:

Professor Zahurul Alam is a celebrated Bangladeshi poet, researcher, and development thinker whose work bridges human resilience, justice, and emotional truth. His literary contributions—deeply rooted in Bengali tradition yet universally resonant—have been featured at major book fairs and translated internationally. His poetry reimagines love, struggle, identity, and light with enduring beauty.